

SPOTS NUTLEY'S ALARMIST

HEN STILLMAN LEARNS WHERE THE FIRE CALLS COME FROM.

The Ladies Have Been Working Overtime lately, for No Good Reason, and Hen Just Turns Detective and Throws a scare into the Ingenious Culprits.

If the clever electrician who has been turning in false alarms on the Gamewell system from the tops of telegraph poles recently will call at the office of the Nutley (N. J.) *Cronker* the editor will hand him a medal for outwitting and pin on his coat a badge entitling him to run with the Yantagaw Chemical Company's steamer.

Let him take warning that the Nutley, N. J., which is not to be confused with Nuttose, S. D., and which is only half an hour by trolley from Newark, are getting tired of his monkeyshines and that if he is caught things will go badly with him.

Now, Nutley has three volunteer fire companies. These are the Avondale Hose Company, the Yantagaw Chemical Company, and the West Nutley Hose Company. Frank Barr is captain of the first, Dayton Kierstead boss of the second and Tommy Nichols, Jr., wears the red tunic of the third. You will find the names of all three of these gallant fire fighters in "Who's Who in Nutley," and, what's more, Capt. Barr's name is over his store on the new canvas awning he just bought down in Newark.

So it is evident that there is no joke about either of the three captains or about the companies they command. Anybody who has ever seen the Yantagaws get down to a fire and uncork their 1,500 feet of hose within half an hour after the alarm bell on top of the Dutch Reformed Church (topped with the signal globe) tell for himself that Nutley's fire department had little falls and Peapack calling for the lifeline.

Well, all that being considered, what would you think of a manny son of a gun from somewhere out of town—probably Newark, which is really a wicked town—coming down to Nutley to work on the repair gang hired by the telephone company and starting in to send phony fire alarms into the system? Isn't that low down, and can you see any humor in it?

But wait until you hear how Hen Stillman, who is one of the West Nutley boys, got onto the way the thing was done. Hen always was a bright boy and he is considered one of Nutley's leading citizens right now, he could have the post office job and time he wants to holler for it. Well, to get back to the subject:

It must have been about 2 o'clock yesterday when Phil Guthrie—he gets a call on the phone.

"Hello!" says a voice.

"Turn in an alarm quick for Mr. Elliott. His house is burning and the box up this end of town won't work."

"I don't know about that," says Phil, remembering that it cost ten dollars to haul they got out Silas Warner's team to haul the chemical.

"Turn in that alarm or take the consequences," says the voice, and the other end of the line goes dead.

You know how Phil would feel under those circumstances. He had nothing to do but turn in the alarm. Well, it just happened that some of the boys were helping Ed Seibold move his car out of the back end of his lot, where he is going to build a dovecote and start in raising quail for the market, and they had the first team all hitched up to the barn.

Just as pesky luck would have it when the alarm sounded the boys had the barn running down hill pretty fast and the wind was being used to let it down easy. They heard the bell, and Jim Hawkins who is driver for the Yantagaw company, started to unhitch the fire team.

"Hold on!" yells Ed Seibold from behind the barn, "don't you take them horses of there or my barn'll run down hill and smash on the Erie crossing."

"But there's a fire!" yells Jim Hawkins. "We've got to go to the fire and we've got to take these horses to pull the chemical."

"Well, if you let up the strain on that windlass you'll burn my barn and tie up the Erie Railroad," cries Ed.

You stay here and hold the barn up until we come back, Jim advised, and he and the team and all the rest of the boys went off to answer the alarm, leaving Ed hanging onto the arm of the windlass for dear life.

When the volunteer boys arrived at Mr. Elliott's house they saw Mr. Elliott's cook out in the front yard sweeping off a rug. The cook stood up and waved her apron encouragingly, thinking the boys were having a practice run in training for the championship.

"Where's the fire?" called out Capt. Kierstead.

With the stove, said the cook, who has not seen out of Nutley for seventeen years, and who confessed later that she read that joke in the *Albany* when she was a girl.

There would be no fire, said the cook, there was another alarm turned in the afternoon and the three companies raced out to the other end of the town. And that was a bunk too.

Say, the boys were pretty sore at that. There have been pretty many real fires lately, and the boys have been priding themselves on the way they got to them and put them out. The first fire they hadn't covered was when Williams' stable burned down two weeks ago. Williams said the fire just when it got started and he thought it would not be necessary to turn in an alarm, especially since most of the boys were at the Methodist Church supper that night.

But just how Hen Stillman got in his good work has not been explained yet. Hen went around to the telephone office and found out which circuit the two alarms had been telephoned in on. Then he went out and all the time he was out he was cutting there were only eight and he asked the people if they had used the phone lately.

Hen was just making up his opinion as some people's love for the truth when he saw three men up telephone poles down the county road crosses the Erie track. He saw one of the men hitch a little telephone receiver to the wire and ring up central to test the circuit. That he was so significant, so he just sat down there and watched those fellows up the poles. Pretty soon after the fellows came down and walked over to where Hen was sitting, chewing tobacco real nonchalantly.

"You like to see us fellows working, don't you?" said the telephone man.

"Yes, I'm a heap interested in your work," replied Hen, very slowly and with great emphasis. Then he walked off.

Hen's first idea didn't throw a scare into those telephone fellows nothing will.

OKIE, THE MASCO, VERY SICK
Dog Given to Firemen by Mr. Vanderhilt Has Promotions.

Okie, the Vanderhilt mascot of Engine 14, is laid up with a severe attack of pneumonia and the members of the company are worried as to the outcome. The men went about on tiptoe when near the sick room yesterday. The patient had a special room in the room of Foreman Edward Levy, commander of the company. A small mattress on the bed and a guard railing to keep the patient from rolling out when "tumbling about in the delirium of fever," a fireman constantly sits by the bedside, but if an alarm comes in the whole crew goes out, and it was for this contingency that the railing was put about the bed.

Commissioner Lantry and Secretary Downes went down to quarters yesterday to see the patient. They left instructions that every possible comfort should be provided for the sick one.

Ever since Okie came from Newport he has been greatly petted in the engine house. He was not permitted to run about the streets like ordinary dogs. When the engine went to a fire and the mascot was left alone, it is supposed that he got heated on the run and caught cold.

TAP DAY AT YALE.

List of Students Elected to the Three Famous Societies.

NEW HAVEN, May 23.—Coronations of tap day at Yale took place this afternoon, bringing supreme joy to a few members of the junior class but sorrow and keen disappointment to the greater number. Many of the parents and fair friends of the candidates for honors in one of the three senior fraternities, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Keys and Wolf's Head, were gathered about the excited crowd of students on the campus, while the tapping was eagerly watched by hundreds of persons from places of vantage. Those tapped were:

Skull and Bones—Harold Stanley, Great Barrington, Mass.; James C. Thornton, Bedford, Ind.; Charles L. Watkins, Scranton, Pa.; Walter G. Davis, Portland, Me.; Charles Seymour, New Haven; James W. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.; George Dahl, Chicago; Roger S. Shepard, St. Paul; Dwight T. Griswold, Erie, Pa.; James M. Townsend, New York; Tyson M. Bishop, Denver; George H. Townsend, New Haven; Lester W. Perrin, New Haven; Joseph T. Pastor, Scranton, Pa.; and Lucius H. Biglow, 3d, Brooklyn.

Scroll and Keys—Raymond Ives, New York; Edward C. Condon, Duluth, Minn.; Lewis H. Wood, Cleveland; Donald C. Bakewell, Pittsburgh; William H. Lyon, Cincinnati; Sidney D. Prissell, Hampton, Va.; Robert Abbott, Plainfield, N. J.; James C. Auchincloss, Gordon Auchincloss and Joseph H. Auchincloss, New York; Cortland P. Dixon, New York; George B. Berger, Pittsburgh; Chauncey B. Garver, New York; Joshua B. Waterworth, Brooklyn, and Mark Mitchell, Cincinnati.

Wolf's Head—Charles Elliott Ide, Syracuse, N. Y.; Charles M. Dunsen, Allegheny, Pa.; Jul M. Hannaford, St. Paul; Albert J. Mohlman, Brille, N. J.; Henry W. Webb, New York; Paul Moore, New York; Donald Porter, New Haven; Edward K. Hoyt, New York; Irving J. MacDuffie, Le Mars, Ia.; Samuel M. Holliday, St. Louis; Leonard Sullivan, New York; Kenneth B. Wells, Scranton, Pa.; Robert E. Moyes, Jr., St. Paul; Chauncey P. Beadleston, New York, and Thomas Fowler, Glens Falls, N. Y.

MARK TWAIN ON THE ERIE.

He Tells a Hoboken Reporter It Is a Preparatory School for the Hereafter.

A reporter for the *Hoboken Observer*, took a run down to Jersey City Wednesday evening to see if he couldn't pick up an extra item or two. He had rare luck, and yesterday the *Observer* printed under a two column head, reading "Mark Twain Getting Ready to Cinders," a story which said in part:

Samuel L. Clemens, familiarly known throughout the world as "Mark Twain," was in the Erie station, Jersey City, for an hour last night. He was on his way to his summer home at Tuxedo and had come over from Manhattan an hour before his train started.

He wore one of his famous light gray suits that just matched his splendid hair, and as he strolled about the Erie Railroad dust and cinders settled upon his garments.

Asked what he thought of Jersey City, from an Erie Railroad station point of view, he said that it looked bad to him, but he added:

"You can never judge an American city from a railroad station."

Asked what he thought of the Erie Railroad, that had been the butt of the humorists for the last six months, he answered that he could not see much to find fault with.

"Not at all. Life is very short, and all of us, except the women and dominants, ought to familiarize ourselves with dust and cinders. This road is merely a sort of preparatory school for the hereafter."

JACK BARRYMORE A STAR.

Takes Arnold Daly's Place Acceptably in "The Boys of Company B."

Jack Barrymore, who has taken the place of Arnold Daly in "The Boys of Company B" at the Lyceum Theatre, gave his first performance of Tony Allen in the matinee yesterday. There was a large attendance to greet him, and he was rewarded with numerous curtain calls and liberal applause.

Mr. Barrymore adapted himself easily to the mingled role of a smart military officer and ardent lover. He showed traces of nervousness from time to time in excessive gesture and a decided lack of repose. Occasionally he seemed to forget or remember his lines that he addressed important remarks to a fixed spot in the wings.

He gave a smooth performance, however, and displayed a fine sense of the inheritance of ease in critical situations. He struck a deep note of sincerity in the second act when, dressed in his soldier clothes, he made the most of a set speech of love.

Especially happy in dealing out military discipline to his refractory old uncle, who was forced finally to give him a marriage settlement as a support for the girl he loved.

In the latter part of the piece, when Tony Allen attempts to fight down misanderstandings that are about to deprive him of his sweetheart, Mr. Barrymore was successful than in the earlier acts. His tendency to descend to farce was manifest. Nevertheless the audience not only voted him a success, made his verdict known at every opportunity.

Miss Leverich to Wed a British Officer.

Mrs. Mary E. Leverich has announced the engagement of her daughter, Harriet Wilmot Leverich, in London to Lieut. Ralph Ernest Platt of the Royal Artillery.

The wedding will occur in October. Miss Leverich is a daughter of the late Judge Henry Leverich and a granddaughter of the first president of the Bank of New York. Lieut. Platt is a son of James Platt of Gloucester, England.

Davis-Clark.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson Clark and Frank Hamilton Davis were married yesterday afternoon in St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. Dr. Leithen officiated. The bride was given away by her father, James Wilson Clark, with whom she walked up the aisle. She wore a white satin costume veiled with chiffon and train, and with a white sash and a white point lace. She carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Oswald C. Fiering acted as maid of honor. The bridegroom wore a white tuxedo with a white bow tie and a white boutonniere. The bridesmaids wore white dresses and carried white bouquets. The groomsmen wore white suits and carried white bouquets. The wedding was a very simple one.

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HARBURGER FINDS A NEW SPOT

IT'S A CHUNK OF BRITISH SOIL NOT FRIENDLY TO HIM.

When the Teutonic's Officers Refuse to Give Him Dead Man's Effects He Sends the Police After Them—Still Nothing Doing—Julius Studies the Penal Code.

Coroner Julius Harburger had a run yesterday with officers of the White Star liner Teutonic. An Englishman named Walter E. Pegg died suddenly last Tuesday night on board the Teutonic while the ship was twenty-four hours from this port.

The Coroner went aboard the liner yesterday afternoon and demanded the dead man's effects. He was informed that for all practical purposes the ship was a chunk of British soil and that he couldn't touch Mr. Pegg's effects. Mr. Harburger backed off the ship angrily and went to his office to consult the Penal Code.

Word was sent to the Coroner's office yesterday morning when the Teutonic docked at Pier 48 at 10 o'clock that a man had died under suspicious circumstances while the ship was at sea. The Coroner heard that Mr. Pegg was the son of a Judge in Nottingham, England, and had been traveling second cabin. The police sent him word also that the man had been drinking hard with first cabin friends, and that when he retired to his own stateroom at about 11 o'clock the first cabin friends went with him. Five minutes later, according to the Coroner's information, the ship's surgeon, Dr. Ashley Hopper, was sent for. He found that Pegg was dead and that the two first cabin passengers had cleared out.

Harburger went aboard the ship at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon and was told that the body was to be sent to a traveling second cabin. The police sent him word also that the man had been drinking hard with first cabin friends, and that when he retired to his own stateroom at about 11 o'clock the first cabin friends went with him. Five minutes later, according to the Coroner's information, the ship's surgeon, Dr. Ashley Hopper, was sent for. He found that Pegg was dead and that the two first cabin passengers had cleared out.

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